The KENTISH CURATE.

IN Kent a Curate liv'd—I knew him,
And will in proper colours ſhew him:
Untainted by the prieſtly crew,
No pride he felt, ambition knew;
Well ſatisfy'd, wiſh'd no increaſe
Of marriage, chriſtening, burial fees;
But gratis viſited the ſick,
Nor thirſted for a biſhoprick.
His little flock was all his care,
Thankſgiving was his daily pray'r;
His conſcience never could diſpenſe,
With abſence, or non-reſidence;
In pious rage would roll his eyes,
When talking of pluralities;
A fond domeſtic mate had he,
His tender offspring, children three.
A nag, an antient Briton bred;
Not ſtarv'd, though better taught than fed.
His garden yielded choice of fruit,
That would with every palate ſuit.
Good poultry, and a breeding ſow;
And in the churchyard kept a cow;
She for the children was provider;
His orchard yielded ſtore of cyder.
In choice of viands ne'er perplex'd,
What one day left, help'd out the next,
A pudding added, no great matter,
If ſerv'd up in a wooden platter,
His houſe, tho' ſmall, was ſnug and ſweet,
Which when the angry tempeſt beat,
His honeſt conſcience ſcorn'd alarm,
Virtue alone would keep him warm.
O envy'd ſtate! the ſickly mind,
Cries—to its own importance blind:
When know from me, his income clear,
Produc'd juſt FORTY POUNDS a year.